New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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The Public's Interest

What the public is most concerned about is a rail settlement which will be constructive, which will make for greater stability in the railroad industry. Continuous operation of the roads is an economic necessity. To secure this continuity and to insure reasonable transportation charges the carriers have been subjected to Federal control. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the arbiter of tariffs. The Railroad Labor Board is the arbiter of wages and working conditions.

The Esch-Cummins act gave railway employees a special status and exceptional privileges. Unlike employees in other industries, their wages cannot be reduced against their will except with the approval of the Railroad Labor Board. Wages may be increased and working conditions altered by the board over the protest of their employers.

The ordinary causes of strikes in other industries are thus eliminated. The Esch-Cummins act sought to make operation continuous by bringing in the government as an umpire in all labor disputes. The shop crafts carried their case up to the umpire and then quit work because his decision did not suit them. Their walk-out is therefore a flat challenge to the principle of Federal mediation. It is an attempt to demolish the Esch-Cummins act, in so far as that act was intended to guarantee the public uninterrupted traffic.

In 1921, when the Railroad Labor Board annulled the national working condition agreements, it laid down principles which should govern in the negotiation of new system or regional agreements. Rule 11 said: "The principle of seniority, long applied to the railroad service, is sound and should be adhered to." But it was never contemplated that seniority rights could be retained by employees leaving the service, either individually or as a body, as a protest against a Labor Board decision.

Employees who walk out cannot have their cake and eat it. If they relinquish their status under the transportation act they relinquish all the privileges which go with it. This was bluntly pointed out to them in the board's decision of October 29, 1921, in the Ann Arbor case. The shop crafts men did not act in ignorance of the facts. As Chairman Hooper said at the beginning of the walk-out, those who were quitting their jobs were renouncing seniority. The men remaining would move up and the new men taken on would acquire seniority rights which the board could not ignore.

The seceders want to come back with seniority unimpaired. This would be a settlement undermining the work so far done to discourage wanton interruption of railroad operation. It would impair the Labor Board's prestige. It would nullify the promises given to faithful employees and the new men. It would halt the progress made toward strikeless railroading.

Here is a question which affects the vital principle of government control of rail operating conditions in the public interest. It should be settled on its merits. To settle it unwisely would only invite worse trouble in the future.

Still a Menace

The report that Mr. Murphy has consigned Mr. Hearst to the political ashcan requires more foundation than it has thus far received. Mr. Murphy, it will be remembered, caused Mr. Hearst's nomination for Governor just twelve months after Mr. Hearst's newspaper had been picturing Mr. Murphy in a costume with stripes that ran around and around.

The Tammany boss is not a sentimentalist. He is quite practical. And in a year when the candidacy of Governor Miller is formidable he will not be too precipitate about refusing to name a man with all Mr. Hearst's money, even if some of the up-state sentiment for the editor is home brewed.

To understand Mr. Murphy's position it must be remembered that he needs—or thinks he needs—Mr. Hearst's newspapers and Mr. Hearst's generosity in the matter of campaign funds in order to elect a state ticket. Furthermore, he needs the continued loyalty of Mr. Hylan, and Mr. Hylan shows signs of rebelling against Tammany and putting Tammany men out of office if Mr. Hearst is turned down.

The respectable Democrats who think they can rest assured of a good candidate merely because Mr. Murphy has not yet indorsed Mr. Hearst had best not be too easily lulled into a sense of security. Until the nominations are made no one can be sure that Mr. Murphy will not again put Mr. Hearst into the race.

Five Hundred Invitations

There are lying on the desk of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund invitations from five hundred homes in the country—in the Catskills, the Green Mountains, in every surrounding region of fresh air and beauty—addressed to a thousand children of the New York tenements. They are for two weeks of sun and play and country food and friendship. Whether they can be accepted depends upon readers of The Tribune who read these lines.

We shall try not to be too enthusiastic about this business of arranging visits from tenement to farm. But the idea is hard to be calm about. Fresh air is a fine thing, but friendship is a better, and the two combined are a perfect team. The Tribune Fresh Air Fund began with its camps and still does good work with them. It is doing an even finer work, we feel, in seeking out country folk with good homes and full barns and warm hearts who are glad to share their good fortune with city children. Fresh air committees in various centers inspect the homes and make sure of the kindness of the welcome and the wholesomeness of the surroundings. There are no expenses for the two weeks—the invitation is a genuine invitation. All that the Fresh Air Fund does is to pay the railroad fare from and to New York.

Hence these lines. The Fund has had its most prosperous year, and has already given 11,000 children two weeks in the country. But it cannot send these 1,000 more little visitors to the homes waiting and anxious to receive them unless the Tribune readers will help to send them. The time is short and it is ready money that is needed—$13,000 more than the expected funds. This will send 2,000 more children into the country, 1,000 as visitors and 1,000 to the camps.

As we say, friendship is offered as well as fresh air. The families that give these invitations form friendships with their visitors that endure. The children go back year after year, there are letters and there are presents. There is a warmth of friendship that helps tie city and country together, that makes of a simple gift a living, glowing flame. Will you help make these friendships possible by sitting down forthwith and sending the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, The Tribune, New York City, whatever sum you feel you can afford?

Scientific Tariffs

Having struggled for a year to frame a frankly unscientific tariff, the Senate reached the point on Friday of giving a pat and a promise to the theory of scientific revision. It rejected the Frelinghuysen and Jones amendments, but it adopted some mild provisions, offered by the Finance Committee, granting the Tariff Commission a little freer hand in tariff making. Some uneasy consciences may have been salved by this belated recognition of the fact that a commission looking at problems from a national standpoint is likely to construct economically sounder schedules than Congress committees, influenced by politics and the special interests of sections and states.

General Hancock was laughed at when he wrote to a Democratic politician in 1880 that the tariff was "a local issue." Yet he merely blurted out a truth with soldierly bluntness. To politicians the tariff is nearly always a "local issue." Louisiana wants high protection on cane sugar under either a Republican-made or a Democratic-made tariff. Utah wants high protection on beet sugar and wool. North Dakota wants high protection on wheat. And the Senators from these states generally pool their wants with the wants of Senators from other states, so that a tariff bill eventually loses all scientific character except in so far as it is a product of scientific log-rolling.

The country has tired of log-rolled tariffs, just as it tired some years ago of log-rolled river and harbor bills. What is needed is a tariff policy looking to national needs, not local needs, and balancing the effects of duties on foreign trade as well as on domestic production. The first tariff act, passed by the 1st Congress, was broadly national in purpose. It considered solely the good of the nation as a whole. It was not promoted by any group or bloc.

The McCumber bill is a horrible example of what may happen when the rule of the Fathers is recklessly departed from. Politically and economically it is more out of line with the times than the Payne-Aldrich bill was in 1909. Scientific revision would have saved both these measures from opprobrium.

There is one thing that Mr. McCumber and his associates forgot. A tariff-for-revenue-only measure does not need to be scientific. It may be a hodge-podge and yet do its work. But a protective tariff, unintelligently constructed, defeats itself.

William Sloane

William Sloane, who died last week, honorably upheld the traditions of all-around citizenship which have come down from the New York of an older generation. His community spirit was highly developed and he gave his time and aid generally to many undertakings.

He was the head of a long established business which had migrated northward more than once with the growth of the city and is associated with memories of the days when Twenty-third Street was the extreme limit of the retail district. He found opportunity, nevertheless, to interest himself in hospital and relief work, being president of the Presbyterian Hospital and one of the promoters of the fusion with Columbia University for the creation of a great medical center on Washington Heights. This will be one of his monuments.

During the war he acted as chairman of the National War Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, handling the millions of dollars contributed to that organization for work in France. He was also a trustee and secretary of the Public Library.

In these many fields he labored modestly and ungrudgingly for the good of others, shouldering more than his share of the burdens of altruistic endeavor. He never advertised himself. But he did work which could not be hidden under a bushel. New York loses by his death a high-minded and multifariously useful citizen.

An Emergency Cable Route

The plea to the President to open the Miami-Barbados cable, which had been sealed pending the settlement by the State Department of negotiations in behalf of American cable interests competing in South America with British interests, was framed on the theory that the opening of this line would expedite cable messages to Europe. The President has accepted this view and authorized use of the cable for European business only.

A message sent by this route would go from New York to Miami, and thence to Barbados. There it would be transferred to the wires of the British Western Telegraph Company and sent to Para and thence to Pernambuco. From Pernambuco it would go to the Cape Verde Islands and thence to Europe.

Such a route offers great advantages for European messages. At the present time it is paralleled by the all-American line, which reports a slight increase of traffic to Europe via South America. Only if sacrifice rates are made will the opening of this cable be of material benefit to American business interests in the present emergency.

The State Department has consistently opposed the opening of this cable until satisfactory terms are reached safeguarding American interests in South America. Ever since the time of Grant it has been the American policy to support American cable interests when they have been threatened by all-powerful foreign monopolies. In the present instance the department opposed the landing of the cable at Miami, despite the fact that it belonged to the Western Union, an American concern. The reason for this action appears to have been that, inasmuch as the Barbados end of the cable connected with a British company under terms favorable to the latter and that this British company had a virtual monopoly in Brazil to the prejudice of American cable interests, no landing could be permitted until the monopolistic features were abandoned and American interests enjoyed equal opportunities with the British.

Children and Daylight

The psychology of the opposition to daylight saving is in many ways curious. A correspondent wrote us the other day of a mother who complained that under the new régime her children didn't get enough sleep. They couldn't, she insisted, go to sleep while there was still light in the sky, but she mentioned in the next breath the two-hour midday nap which those same children had just been taking, as usual, on their sunny southern porch.

Do most mothers of children object to daylight saving? It is open to doubt. Their annoyance, so far as it goes, can best be explained by reference to the general rule that new troubles are more vexatious than those one has grown used to. With daylight saving in effect mothers have difficulty, for a month or two in midsummer, in putting their children to sleep in the early evening, but the fact that they have correspondingly less difficulty in keeping them asleep in the early morning is likely to go unnoticed.

However this may be, child specialists are apparently unanimous in indorsing daylight saving as a blessing for children small and big—and many mothers at least agree with them.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Not So Bad as It Might Be

Europe ruined by inflation; financiers in consternation; no one sees an indication of a better, brighter day.

Germans worried; marks have tumbled, British flurried, credits crumbled, De Valera licked and humbled—just the very deuce to pay.

Congress seeks to duck the onus for the passage of the bonus; all the banks refuse to loan us money for our income tax.

Warring couples seek divorcement, government denies indorsement to high-sea dry-law enforcement; everything is slack and lax.

Coal is going daily higher; only wealthy may aspire to a cheerful winter fire; strikers won't return to work.

Railroad magnates sadly harried, not a pound of freight is carried, every dream of joy is buried in a cloud of gloom and murk.

Yet the world rolls round serenely and the sea winds blow as keenly and the moon is just as queenly as she was in days of yore.

So we venture the prediction, without fear of contradiction, that we'll weather this affliction; we have been through worse before!

Hardly Worth the Upkeep

The New York city government seems to think that all the Brooklyn Bridge will be used for in a few years is a monument to Steve Brodie.

Fighting Togs

Overalls and jumpers make rather too striking a costume on a certain section of the population.

Not as Represented

Polar movies and books convince us that life is not all pie for the Eskimos.

(Copyright by James J. Montague).

The Prohibition Poll

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The proponents of prohibition may close their eyes to the significance of the poll being taken by "The Literary Digest" if they choose, but it is expressive, nevertheless, of a feeling of changed sentiment on the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act.

In referring to that poll Mr. Anderson, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, made this declaration: "In the first place, there is a clear and fundamental distinction between taking a poll on a question which is yet to be decided and taking a poll on a question which has been decided." That begs the question. It is well to remind those who hold that view that nothing is settled until it is settled right. That is fundamental.

The people now rise to consider whether, in their haste, they have not trodden upon rights and principles of government of the very greatest national concern. That explains the vote in "The Digest," the prevailing feeling of resentment and the demand for a rehearing of the subject.

In my judgment, the Eighteenth Amendment cannot stand. It transcends and annuls fixed principles of constitutional liberty. It, in effect, repeals the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees the right of domicile and the sanctity of the home. It degrades the Constitution to the low level of a law-making instead of a principle-stating instrument.

Very few people wish to return to the condition of the saloon. For myself, I speak not as a wet man or as a saloon man, but as a freeman. It is not that I hate the saloon less but that I love freedom more.

J. R. M'LAUGHLIN.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 8, 1922.

Some Anthracite Figures

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In to-day's issue L. T. Reed wants some coal facts. Here are some "cold facts" on coal:

Not many years ago anthracite was being put down at tidewater, New York, at $4 per gross ton (2,240 pounds). This charge was made up of 70 cents as royalty to the land owner, $1.55 as the rail share in the shape of freight rate, and $1.75 for the mine operator. In January, 1920, coal was selling at $12 per net ton (2,000 pounds). The royalty remained the same, the freight had been raised but 10 cents per gross ton, which made the operators and the retailers share $9.65, an increase of $7.90.

How much of this increase went to the men who got the coal out of the ground? A ton of coal delivered here at the rate of $5.75, or, to make a round figure, say $6 as a base, made the operators get an increase of 276 per cent per ton in gross revenue. The freight rate to this point was $1.95 before the 10 cent increase. How would Mr. Reed like to analyze the increase of 276 per cent to see where it went? The coal barons say it went to the miners.

One of the Reading coal companies reported for 1916 a net income for dividend purposes of 20 cents per ton, and the next year it reported 45 cents per ton. Twenty cents was considered normal and a good profit.

What the public doesn't know is what is making the strikes possible.

S. C.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 9, 1922.

A Minor Loss

(From The Kansas City Star)

Captain Amundsen expects to be gone five years on his polar expedition, and will therefore miss the greater part of the tariff debate.

The Tower

PROGRESS

LITTLE town of the long ago,
Where are your streets with their broad elm trees,
And houses sitting in tranquil row,
With ramblers climbing across their knees?
Where are the hollyhocks, brave of hue,
By a white fence, running through sun and shade?
Who built the motor-crammed avenue
And the signboard, raised by a board of trade?

Years have brought us to other ways.
Who can cling to his yesterdays?

Little town of the days gone by,
Where is your rickety general store,
With garrulous wiseacres sitting by
The stove, debating on rural lore?
Where is the weather-stained wagon-shed,
With farmers' buggies in shabby rank?
Why a "community house," instead,
And a building blazoned: "First National Bank"?

Who may answer you? Who may know
The far-off place where the dead dreams go?

Little town of the vanished years,
Who made you the counterfeit thing you are?
Mid roaring motors, who stops and hears
The treetops talk to the evening star?
Soiled and swaggering, filled with noise;
Belching smoke to the patient sky,
Have you no dream of the quiet joys
When twilight fell in the days gone by?

A boy dreamed here of the man he'd be.
You who question, say, are you he?

American farmers have announced the imminence of bumper crops. It has not yet been decided, though, whether the continued high prices of foodstuffs will be due to the cost of transportation or the high wages paid the extra hands required for the harvest.

When apples harvested are few,
Five cents apiece is asked of you.
But when of this here fruit there's plenty,
You then can purchase four for twenty.

The law of supply and demand is as mysterious to us as most other economic statutes. Judging by the increasing frequency of explosions, one would say that more stills are operating than ever before, and yet the price of liquor continues to soar.

Midsummer Song

(With apologies galore)

Out where the breezes blow just a little stronger;
Out where the nights grow just a little longer—
That's where a vest comes in handy.

J. T. S.

Any one who treasures the real ideals of America will sympathize with the protests of various districts in the city against the establishment of a garbage incinerator in their midst. The present general distribution of food by-products by the tide is much more equable and democratic.

He Also Has a Theater Program Book

Sir: You may not be aware of it, but when Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush was a young man he was the proud possessor of a large collection of feminine handkerchiefs, playfully stolen from young ladies of his acquaintance. And even now Mr. Cush carefully saves the stubs from all his theater tickets.

F. L. P. Jr.

It isn't the government's threat to take over the roads once more that strikes terror in the heart of the operators. It's the probability that after a while they'd be restored to private ownership again.

MY GARDEN

Hollyhocks, all straight and tall,
Nod above the garden wall;
Bachelors' buttons, prim and neat,
Make a border at their feet;
Pansies, looking grave and wise,
Gaze about with steadfast eyes;
Columbine and peonies
Yield their honey to the bees;
Nasturtiums, like circus clowns,
Dance about in gaudy gowns;
Morning glories, one by one,
Wake to greet the rising sun—

Alas, the sun will never shine
On this flowery close of mine,
For the plants that grace each nook
Are pictured in a seedman's book.

H. E. M.

Prohibition enforcement has extended our territorial waters from three to twelve miles from shore, and if we don't stop pretty soon France and England will be advancing claims for jurisdiction over Dover and Calais, respectively.

THE CAREFUL FIRE LADDIES

(From the Portland, Me., Press Herald)

The Fire Department was called out yesterday noon for a fire caused by a gas explosion. No serious damage resulted.

Among the fabrics for autumn wear advertised by drygoods merchants are Veldyne, Panvelaine, Lustrola, Laxatine, Matlessette, Nishni, Lapinex, and we're daily expecting the announcement that the man who christens the Pullman cars has committed suicide in a fit of despondency.

When Lloyd George has finished his story of his own part in the recent unpleasantness Woodrow Wilson will be the only great figure in the World War who hasn't told us about it in print. And probably Mr. Tumulty hasn't left much to tell, at that.

Still, Mr. Wilson might write an engaging volume entitled "Joseph Tumulty as I Knew Him." F. F. V.

WHAT'LL WE TRY NEXT?

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Black Pan

By Boyden Sparkes

Writers of sea fiction almost invariably create a woman character to supply the motive for the struggle that is necessary to any tale, but food causes a hundred fights among sailormen to every one that is inspired on blue water by sex.

Women are creatures of another world to a deckhand slapping a fresh coat of paint on a lifeboat that does not need it. The dorsal muscles that writhe as a snake beneath the skin of a sweating stoker develop a hunger for sweets and the forecastles at night are vibrant with unuttered thoughts of thick red steaks, yellow custards, fresh cream and greasy pies. They talk much about women, but when they go ashore they look first for a restaurant—and then for feminine society.

On the big liners and the transports it is somewhat different. Good food is available there for those who rate it. "First cabin chow" on a trans-Atlantic liner to the man below decks is the superlative in caste. Give him that and he becomes another Alexander, sighing for more dishes to conquer.

Lowest in the scale of human society, as measured by table fare, on trans-Atlantic boats is the cattle tender. Whatever his diet is supposed to be by those shore gods who own the ships, what he regularly, monotonously gets is a gray and slimy mess of flour, meat and potatoes called scouse. It is a double cousin to army slum. But sometimes the human derelict or the college youth working his passage abroad by serving as maid of all work for a company of American steers, which are never anything but cows at sea—sometimes he eats first cabin chow, and the system whereby he does is called black pan.

Frequently a third cabin steward is the go-between. Selecting a cattleman who obviously does not belong in a glory hole bunk and may be expected to have some money in an oilcloth belt against his skin, the steward will inquire sympathetically about the chow. The outburst of profanity which is his reply is also his cue. It seems he knows a second cook in the first cabin galley. For a few dollars, say five, he might be able to arrange matters. The amazing part of it is that he can and sometimes does.

On some ships there can be found a few men in every mess who spurn their allotted rations because a little after regular meal times they are stuffing themselves with delicacies from the black pan. It matters not to them that the illicit calories are cold and sometimes really no better than the food they have rejected. It is first cabin chow, and they hope, probably, to acquire social merit in this way as an aborigine hopes to possess the strength, agility and bravery of the enemy whose heart he eats.

On an army transport ferrying soldiers and sailors between San Francisco and Manila there must be at least a dozen messes. At the top of the list is the first cabin, where dine army and navy officers, members of their families, civil employees of the insular government and the deck officers of the ship. When they are fed the cooks who prepare that food and the waiters who serve it have their chance. Second cabin stewards are supposed to eat second cabin food, designed for the non-commissioned officers of both services and their families. But he is a green second cabin steward who does not devise some scheme for sharing the dishes that whet the appetites of the sea-sick folks of the first cabin.

The engineer officers usually have a separate mess, and by preparing enough food to feed not only those who are entitled to it, but stokers, deck hands and other forecastle people, the cook of that mess swells his income appreciably and the waistlines of his paying guests enormously.

Now if the nickel-in-the-slot automat be taken to sea under the American flag there is a likely possibility that Yankee ships could compete with the merchant marines of other nations asking no subsidizing favors because of the superior rate of pay exacted on ships of American registry by the La Follette seamen's act.

The sun had just popped over the horizon in Manila Bay a few years ago when an unfulfilled obligation of the black pan was settled on the forecastle head of the United States army transport Thomas, tied up at her dock after the twenty-eight days' run from San Francisco.

The combatants were a negro, an assistant cook in the first cabin galley, and the ship's fourth baker. There is no fifth baker. The negro, naked to the waist, was a hard-muscled black man with an elongated head sheathed in tightly coiled wool. The fourth baker, barefooted, in blue and white striped denim overalls, stepped into his opponent's left fist, and sitting down hard on the freshly washed deck spat out one of his few remaining snaggle teeth. None sought to interfere. At sea the pride of race does not leap the bounds that divide the steward's department from the deck, and the sailors saw this fight.

The fourth baker got up, made a feeble pretense of renewing the fight and was knocked down again. Meantime, swearing fouling, he remained there, reclining on one elbow. Returning back to the galley the assistant cook uttered a warning and an explanation in a single line:

"Next voyage you eats black pan, boy, you pay black pan."

What Readers Are Thinking

Glad of the Extra Daylight

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Daylight saving, like every progressive step that was ever taken, continues to receive opposition from the prejudiced and the standpatters. The point of view of the latter is indicated in the letter from Mrs. Marie L. Patterson, which appeared in your issue of the 3d, while the logical and sensible attitude is refreshingly expressed in the letter from R. E. M., published on the 8th.

I have six children, four of whom are still young enough to go to school. Ever since daylight saving was put into effect, they have usually gone to bed by the clock and got up likewise, and we have never had any complaint from the teachers that any of them came to school tired out. As Mrs. R. E. M. says: "They may not get to sleep at once, but they get all the rest they need."

They have never had any afternoon naps since they were babies, and the result is that they are prepared to go to bed at a regular hour, irrespective of the daylight. Anyway, their mother has never found fault with the daylight saving. On the contrary, she is mighty glad of the extra hour.

Mrs. Patterson says that children, like the chickens and the birds, can't be expected to go to sleep until sundown. How about the chickens in Alaska and Norway, where, during at least three months, daylight lasts until 10 o'clock and later? Surely, they don't wait for sundown to roost. Neither do the children in these countries and others where the summer days are much longer than ours.

The trouble is not with the system, but with the parents who are too lazy or indifferent to train their children to go to bed at a fairly regular hour. What those who consider their own convenience need is to take such a course as that given by a professor in Ohio University, called "Eliminating Prejudice."

J. R. WEMLINGER.

New York, Aug. 12, 1922.

The Finder's Reward

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I feel that your correspondent D. P. has been altogether too mild in his condemnation of little Helen for accepting a gratuity of 25 cents for returning a packet containing $200 to the owner.

Strict honesty is so fashionable nowadays that I cannot see what occasion there was to publish the story at all were it not to emphasize the magnanimity of the owner of the recovered wealth, but even at that one must feel how wrong it was for little twelve-year-old Helen to accept such an exorbitant sum for returning a packet of money.

Ye gods! The next thing wil find us men expecting a word of thanks as we rise with one accord in a trolley car to offer a seat to a woman passenger. And as for chivalry, mark how we doff our hats as we enter the presence of womanhood in the public elevator, even though we omit the simple courtesy, perhaps, of uncovering our heads should we chance to meet friend wife alone in the street.

Too bad little Helen was not brought up in that spirit of abnegation whereby she might have said "Take back your precious quarter; you must need it more than I."

ERNEST C. WRIGHT.

Montclair, N. J., Aug. 10, 1922.

Riverside Comfort

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been thinking, surrounded as I am by this wonderful St. Lawrence, cooled with the most wonderful south wind (for the south wind is cool up here), how hot and uncomfortable the little children in New York must be, especially those who live near the Hudson River and those near the East River.

In the lower park on Riverside Drive there could be placed more benches, pergolas and summer houses.

If the city cannot do this for the children who are at home, why can't people living on the West Side and the East Side provide more seats and more summer houses and more benches? I will be one to give my mite toward a fund if a hundred more will do the same.

MRS. CHARLES APPLETON TERRY.

Grenell, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1922.